The World.
ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.		For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.	
One Year	$3.50	One Year	$9.75
One Month	.30	One Month	.85

VOLUME 53..............................NO. 18,867

WORKING GIRLS AND TARIFF TAXES.

DR. SIMON N. PATTEN are his title and his name. He lives in Philadelphia and is professor of political economy at the University of Pennsylvania. He is a protectionist. He has been reading investigations of the social evil and of the alleged relations of a girl's wages to her virtue. He has also been reading of tariff reductions at Washington. In his Philadelphian sleep he gets the two things mixed and writes to our esteemed contemporary, the Tribune, to say:

"When the tariff is reduced the low waged workmen lose; not their employer. And of those low waged ones the working girl will be the worst sufferer. Thousands of girls are now pressed to the edge of moral endurance; the least push will put them on the street. Who will take the responsibilty for this?"

Who, indeed?

The tariff of high protection taxes everything the working girl wears from her hat to her shoes. It taxes everything she eats from morning 'til night. It taxes the raw material used in the factory where she works: it puts monopoly control over the machinery that does the work. Who will take the responsibilty for that?

By reason of these extortions the high tariff puts a virtual premium on shoddy clothing and adulterated food. It makes a market for fraud by overtaxing honesty. Who will take the responsibilty for that?

MORAL MADNESS IN ILLINOIS.

OUT of the investigation of vice in Chicago has developed a movement to establish a "Court of Appeals" to be presided over by five judges, all of whom are to be women. In commendation of the measure it is said: "Girls can tell their experiences in confidence and escape harmful publicity. The name of the responsible man will be known to the court, and, if circumstances warrant, the information can be used either to drive the man from the community or to prosecute him."

This is interesting as an evidence of the reckless way in which anti-vice legislation is urged. Some of it is sentimental. Some of it hypocritical. Nearly all of it absurd. When charges against a man can be made in secrecy before judges having the option to prosecute him or to drive him out of town, it will surely be necessary to provide for a recall of decisions and of judges with promptness and despatch.

PLAIN RIGHT AND LEFT.

CONCERNING the order of naval authorities changing the terms "port" and "starboard" to "left" and "right" there has been much criticism. Those that love sea lingo above land language mourn what they deem a loss to romance. But others hail the decree with joy, seeing in it not only a good thing achieved but a forecast of better things to come.

The example may be followed elsewhere. Baseball authorities may fix the terminology of the game so as to make it intelligible to intelligent men. If there is to be no port side to a ship why should there be a "south paw" to a pitcher?

The drama, the prize ring, the medical profession, football collegians, society dames—have not all these a jargon concealing wisdom worth making clear?

We boast of a language with more words than any other. Unfortunately the multiplicity of its terms confuses its thought, so we need a new dictionary every other year. Thus the navy is serving well the country. When every man's right is right and left is left we will not appear so learned, but we will have clearer understanding of one another.

SHUTTING OUT SUBURBAN SLEEPERS.

SINCE the ordinance requiring that all persons employed by the city shall live in the State was passed by a vote of 53 to 11 it is evident there is hefty backing behind it. The argument put forth for it is that since a man draws his salary here he should spend it here and pay taxes here. Such argument was at its prime a thousand years ago, and has been decaying ever since. It may still retain some of its pristine vigor in the town of Tailholt and the county of Wayback, but in New York it manifests nothing of its past but an ancient and fishlike smell.

Suburban residents are among the most profitable upholders of the trade and work and wealth of the city. The sum of taxes we lose by their residence or sleeping apartments in New Jersey and Connecticut is more than compensated by the value of their service. We cannot annex all our suburbs by law, so if we can get the use of the energies of their most active citizens by consent, it would be folly to shut them out. Besides, a metropolis should always be metropolitan.

Letters From the People

Plea for Neglected Children.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read your recent editorial on "Better Late Than Never," in which you express surprise that so many girls grow up in ignorance of the most essential things in spite of philanthropists, charity organizations and public efforts. There are 30,000 children, orphan, neglected and sometimes delinquent, in New York institutions. Their material wants are well looked after; their religious and moral training is excellent; their educational advantages are limited, because comparatively little money is provided for teachers, equipment or supplies. In some cities the teachers at some institutions are paid out of the school funds. But in many other cases no money is provided for the proper instruction of such children, except what little comes in from private charity. The cause of education is at the breaking point, so far as these children are concerned. The streams of money from the wealthy should be diverted in part, I think, from higher institutions to the humbler but often more important work of giving an elementary education of a practical kind to the neglected dependents.

Albany, N. Y. A. E. H.

Is This the Answer?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The cubists' pictures must have been a puzzle to others besides me. I think these pictures are to art what a symphony is to music—that is to say, a backward movement to the heart and spirit, without any intent to express beauty. In my opinion the word "cubist" comes from the French word "cubistique," which in turn was derived from the Greek word "kubistao," meaning "make a somersault."

L. M. YOUNG.

In The World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find the height of the East and North River bridges and other information about them? B. L. S.

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten

Is the Century Mark Your Goal? By Clarence L. Cullen.


C. L. CULLEN

IT is natural and normal for us not to reflect too much upon death. Even as we grow older, if we are in health, we think but fitfully and vaguely upon that subject. Something within us impels us to dismiss the thought of death as soon as possible.

Provision beyond our comprehension no doubt was made for the reluctance with which we view the thought of death. The intent indubitably is that we shall do all that we can to unroll our full scroll of years and keep the thought of death in firm abeyance. When our friends die we suffer from depression. But we are prompted to put their passing out of our minds.

If our departed friends were of about our own age and of rugged health, dying suddenly or after brief illnesses, we sigh to think that they should not have had a longer tenancy of their places in a bright and engaging world. But the thought of our vanishing so suddenly as they is unimaginable. Or if it is imaginable we push it into the remote background of the mind.

Hard luck for them, poor chaps! But nothing like that can or will happen to US. We are going right ahead and round out our days. By the way, we must write that hurry-up letter about that delayed shipment—— And so we plunge back into the swim of our affairs. And immediately the thought of death is banished—which is precisely as it should be.

Does our mental attitude toward life and death have any bearing upon our length of years? This question can be answered variously. Twenty years ago I knew, in Maryland, a rugged old pine-knot of a farmer seventy-five years old. His teeth were bad. His daughters urged him to have them attended to by a dentist. He refused.

"Wouldn't it be foolishness," he said to them, "for me to have my old snags fixed when I'm getting ready to die?"

He wasn't gloomy about it, but he figured that his race was about run. A month ago I saw this old farmer again. Although he now has no teeth at all I saw him put away a hired man's breakfast of sausage and buckwheat cakes. At ninety-five he easily looks good for a hundred.

Twenty years ago, also, I saw a lady seventy-five years old off on her annual trip to Europe. She was a very alert and keen-minded and pleasure-loving old lady. Her idea emphatically was that she would live to be a hundred at least.

"I've never been to Egypt," she said to me on this day. "I stay away from there purposely. I know that Egypt would make me think about death and the dead, and I am too young to reflect upon such disquieting matters. But some day I shall go to Egypt—perhaps twenty years from now."

I saw this old lady last week. She remains alert and keen-minded and pleasure-loving at ninety-five. She says now that she never is going to Egypt. Despite mortality figures, I consider that it would be an excellent even-money wager that she will round out her hundred years.

The farmer looked for death at any time, and the old lady never would entertain the thought of it. Both are still alive and quite comfortable. So no possible conclusion is to be drawn as to just how their respective mental attitudes toward the matter of death have affected them through the years.

Of the two, however, there isn't the least doubt that the old lady has had the more fun.

The Day's Good Stories

Like Father, Like Son.

WILLIAM had just returned from college, resplendent in peg top trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat and a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became.

"Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a fool."

Later the old major, who lived next door, came in and greeted the boy heartily.

"William," he said, with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly as your father did twenty years ago, when he came back from school!"

"Yes," replied William, with a smile, "so father was just telling me."—London Photo Bits.

The Grouch!

BRIDE and groom they were unmistakably, and guests writing "Wish you were here" greetings in that Atlantic City hotel were much interested in them. Each sat at a desk and got busy with pen and ink, the silence being broken only when the bride asked how to spell a hard word. These queries annoyed an old gentleman writing nearby, and he was plainly relieved when the bridegroom left the room. The little bride did not know she had been deserted, and she again got stuck on a word.

"How do you spell Cincinnati, honey?" she asked.

"C-i-n-c-i-n-n-a-t-i-h-o-n-e-y," replied Mr. Grouch.—Lippincott.

Declined the Job.

JAMES G. Andrew, President of the International Compressed Air and Foundation Workers' Union, said recently in Chicago that the caisson worker, or sandhog, as he is usually called, has the most dangerous work in the world.

"The work of a sandhog is so dangerous," said Mr. Andrew, "that the story of the Durham mine, exaggerated as it is in reference to mining, might almost be true of foundation work.

"In Durham, the story goes, there is a certain colliery which is noted for the extraordinary number of its accidents. One day a man looking for work stepped up to the foreman and said:

"'I've been out of work for a month. Are there any vacancies here?'

"'We're full up at present,' the foreman replied, 'but if ye hang 'round for a few hours there'll be, no doubt, an accident, an' if the man's killed ye can have his place.'"—Washington Star.

Couldn't Keep It.

NEEDING some ribbon one day while in a very small town, we went to the one store there, says Harper's Weekly.

"Ribbon!" said the storekeeper. "Well, we all just mislaid our stock of ribbons, but if you all come back later I'll see if I can find them."

So back we went later. He had found them.

"What color did you all want?"

"Blue," we replied.

"Oh, blue!" he exclaimed in disgust. "We haven't got any blue. Blue is so popular we don't ever try to keep it!"

Just About Women

NOTHING displeases women more than an austere and self-contained character. They see that they have no hold upon it; its dignity awes them, its pride rebels, its preoccupations keep them aloof.—Hippolyte A. Taine.

No woman is so bad but we may rejoice when her heart thrills to love, for then God has her by the hand.—J. M. Barrie.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer. —Alfred Tennyson.

Flattery is their nature—to coax, flatter, and sweetly befool some one is every woman's business. She is none if she declines this office.—William Makepeace Thackeray.

To warn, to comfort and command,
A perfect woman, nobly planned.
—William Wordsworth.

Every woman's fault is every man's misfortune.—Gail Hamilton.

When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.—Longfellow.

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.—Macaulay.

The beauty of a lovely woman is like music.—George Eliot.

He who trusts women plows the wind, sows on the barren sea, finds not the bottom of the hidden ocean, writes his recollections in the snow, draws water, like the Danaides, with pitchers full of holes.—Paul Flemming.

O woman! Lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair to look like you. —Otway.

For silence and chaste reserve is woman's genuine praise, and to remain quiet within the house.—Euripides.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
—Gay.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears. —Gay.

O woman! thou wert fashioned to beguile;
So have all sages said, all poets sung.
—Jean Ingelow.

The woman who throws herself at a man's head will soon find her place at his feet.—Louis Joseph Desnoyers.

The heart of a loving woman is a golden sanctuary where often there reigns an idol of clay.—Paul Limayrac.

The sweetest noise on earth, a woman's tongue;
A string which hath no discord.
—Barry Cornwall.

The Man on the Road
By H. T. Battin.

"TRICKS IN ALL TRADES."

"IT isn't always the cheapest price that gets the order," began Joe Frankel, as the dress goods salesman passed around Turkish cigarettes to the bunch of salesmen in the Penn smoking room. "I know a linen salesman who leaves the napkins and table linen he wants to show the next day out the window to make them feel damp and heavy.

"I know a feather salesman who steams his samples three times a day. I've heard of a prune salesman who soaks a box of prunes in the firm's cellar before showing them; to make them heavy and fresh. In all these cases it is an idea that gets the business.

"The worst case of deception I know of was a man down in Western Pennsylvania who was selling a physical culture course. When he blew into a town he would look around and spot the fat bankers or tradesmen. He would go in to see them and ask them to feel of his arm. This they would do; and apparently he was a modern Hercules. He had a couple of wooden forms made that fitted his upper arms. These were carved in the form of biceps of a cave man. A man might pinch them all day without making an impression on them.

"When the fat parties felt of these hard knobs on his arms he would tell them that ten minutes a day, using his exercises, would put any one into condition. He would shame them into getting interested, and at the proper time he would get ten dollars for five charts of his 'patented' exercises."

"Did he ever go back to a town the second time?" asked the dress goods man. "Sure, and if the people who bought his charts the first trip made a kick he would call them down for not doing the exercises correctly," replied Frankel.

Presidents I Have Known
By Mrs. Gen. Pickett

5.—PRESIDENT JAMES A. GARFIELD.

"I HAVE added Lottie Johnson and William Travers to our list for dinner on Tuesday," said my cousin, Mrs. Beverly Tucker.

"I thought you promised that Mr. and Mrs. Garfield were were to be your very last additions," said his sweet, gentle wife.

"Don't scold, Lady Jane, please."

It was my very good fortune at that Tuesday's dinner to have as my escort Mr. Garfield. Mrs. Garfield was taken in by Mr. Randolph Tucker—her husband's most intimate friend in the House, despite a wide difference in politics.

"I suppose, madam," said Mr. Garfield as we picked up our cards and read our names, "we were placed beside each other that we might fight the war over together, we being the only representatives present of our late unpleasantness. True, we were on opposite sides, but let's dip into the same salt-bowl and forget all our grudges."

"Only stay-at-homes, carpetbaggers and speculators in salt held grudges then or hold grudges now that the war is over," I replied. "Brave soldiers, such as you and I, who fought, bled and died, sheathed our swords at Appomattox. My cousin tells me that you were a General."

"I entered the army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio, made up of my old pupils of Hiram College. After that I was chief of staff to Gen. Rosecrans and was promoted to Major-General at Chickamauga. Then I resigned to go to Congress."

"Resigned before the war ended?"

"Yes, I took my seat in the House the first Monday in December, 1863."

"That was the year in which I was married."

"What will you say if I tell you that I read in our Ohio papers all about your marriage?—The bells in old St. Paul's Church in Petersburg chiming out 'Believe me if all these endearing young charms,' the organ rolling it out in solemn notes, the choir singing it and the bands all playing it as the bridal party drove past them! And here we are after all these years dipping in the same salt-dish. Isn't it strange?"

I found Mr. Garfield genial and entertaining and a most versatile scholar, as I noticed in his arguments with others of the guests. Recalling him now, he was a very handsome man with superb figure.

I saw Mr. Garfield only once after he became President and though he was always as sunny-hearted as a boy, he seemed jollier than ever, if possible. Mr. Randolph Tucker, who was with me, asked him: "How does it feel to be President, Mr. Garfield?"

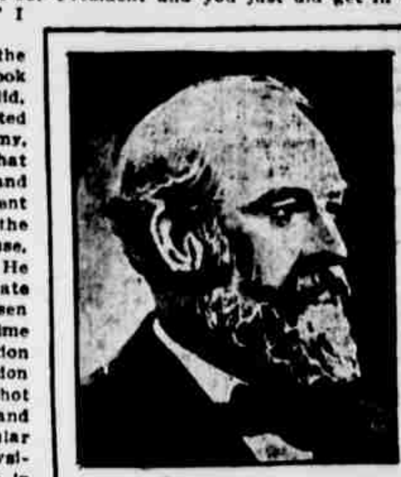
"Well, Mr. Tucker, once when there was a very exciting campaign I was driving mules on the canal path and was thinking about the coming election, wondering how a man does feel who has been elected to the Presidency, and somewhat envious of one so high in the estimation of the country. Just then the mules made a misstep and I said to myself as I pulled them up, 'Well, I don't know enough even to drive mules.'

"I hope that I shall be more successful in guiding my team now and am praying for the greatest era of peace and prosperity and happiness that we have ever had. My whole endeavor shall be to make my people, one and all, united and content. I have accepted an invitation to speak at your Yorktown Centennial celebration and have already begun to think of what I shall say to the people there among memories of Patrick Henry and your other great orators. I shall make that speech the effort of my life."

Mr. Garfield spoke of Gen. Grant with great admiration and affection, saying:

"You know that Grant, bless his great big heart, took the stump for me; the first time in his life, too, he ever did such a thing—and made several speeches for me. After I became President I went over to New York to apologize to him for being in that position. 'I'll try to forgive you,' he said, 'but you ought to be very grateful to Tammany. For if it hadn't been for the Tiger that honest, splendid soldier, Hancock, would be in your place.'

"It was the closest vote ever cast for President and you just did get in by the skin of your teeth, didn't you?" I replied.


J·A·GARFIELD

Mr. Garfield's inauguration was the most imposing pageant that ever took place in Washington and that splendid, dignified, beloved soldier, the defeated candidate, Commander of the Army, rode in front of the procession that conducted Garfield to the Capitol and back to the White House. President Garfield was the only man who on the same day was Member of the House, Senator-elect and President-elect. He was in the House, elected to the Senate in January and in November chosen President. He served so short a time that only good will and anticipation indicated what his Administration might have been. After the fatal shot he lingered through the summer and died two months before the regular session of Congress. When the physicians told him there was one chance in a hundred for his life, he said, "Hurrah! That's the chance I'll take."

How to Add 10 Years to Your Life
—By J. A. Husik, M. D.—

The Mid-Day Lunch.

HERE is a problem that faces every man and woman in the work-a-day world: What constitutes a healthful, nutritious, and at the same time a reasonably economical mid-day meal? Many of the luncheons served do not possess any of these qualities.

Go into the restaurant or lunch room at noon and watch the throngs of people all rushing to get something to eat. You will observe that pastry, pies, ice cream and coffee form the chief menu of many a meal. Now, while some of these foods, when pure, may not be of real danger to health, especially if eaten sparingly and only occasionally, their constant, daily use results in weakened powers of digestion and poor nutrition. There is many a person suffering from disorders of the digestive organs, impoverishment of the blood, a low state of general vitality, and many other conditions of ill health, all due to the consumption of improper, unwholesome food at the daily lunch.

All this can be prevented and avoided, provided a little care and intelligence are used in the selection of the proper kind of food. For those engaged in indoor occupations, with little muscular activity, there are several simple and inexpensive lunch menus that will prove wholesome and healthful, and meet all the requirements of the body. A bowl of soup with a buttered roll or two, and with some fruit (raw or cooked), or some light pudding, will be sufficient for the average grown-up indoor worker who expends very little muscular energy during his day's work.

Meat or egg sandwiches made of wholesome fresh materials, and eaten in combination with some good fresh milk, will be found very wholesome and nutritious.

The worker out of doors requires of necessity a larger and more substantial meal, to meet the demands which active muscular exertion makes upon his system. But even the laborer must avoid overburdening the stomach with excess of food. The laborer should have for his lunch a hot bowl of soup, some meat and vegetables, bread and butter, and dessert.

Usually, however, just the reverse is observed. The office worker eats the laborer's meal, while the laborer frequently has insufficient food to sustain the daily wear and tear of his body. Both suffer; the one from excess, the other from insufficiency. The result is disease and the cutting short of life.

For the sake of your health, select your lunch to suit the real requirements of the body. Under all circumstances avoid heavy, indigestible, impure foods. In eating, stick to what is safe and simple. Care in this direction will keep you in good health and prolong your life.

A Cream City Canzonet.
By Eugene Geary.

THEY have many a lordly brew'ry
In Milwaukee.
Working overtime, like fury,
In Milwaukee.
There's a thirst here that's abiding,
And the water-cart's in hiding—
'Tis run up into a siding
In Milwaukee.

There's an atmosphere Teutonic
In Milwaukee.
And Lake Michigan's a tonic
In Milwaukee.
That the Celt's not in derision,
There's an A. O. H. Division
Cuts a mightly big incision
In Milwaukee.

Sidewalks are not on the level
In Milwaukee.
O'er the street four feet you revel
In Milwaukee.
But the beer flows on in plenty,
And the air with hops is scenty—
Take your dolce far niente
In Milwaukee.